

'The loved and lost!' why do we call them lost?  
Because we miss them from our onward road?  
God's unseen angel o'er our pathway crost,  
Looked on us all, and loving them the most,  
Straightway relieved them from life's weary load.

They are not lost; they are within the door  
That shuts out loss and every hurtful thing—  
With angels bright, and loved ones gone before,  
In their Redeemer's presence evermore,  
And God Himself their Lord and Judge and King.

And this we call a 'loss'; O, selfish sorrow  
Of selfish hearts! O, we to little fain!  
Let us look round, argument to borrow  
Why we in patience should await the morrow  
That surely must succeed this night of death.

Aye, look up this dreary desert path,  
The thorns and thistles whereso'er we turn;  
What trials and what tears, what wrongs and  
Wrath,  
What struggles and what strife the journey hath!

They have escaped from these; and lo! we mourn.

Ask the poor sailor, when the wreck is done,  
Who with his treasures strove the shore to reach,  
While with the raging wave he battled on,  
Was it not joy, where every joy seemed gone,  
To see his loved ones landed on the beach?

A poor wayfarer, leading by the hand  
A little child, had halted by the well  
To wash from off her feet the clinging sand,  
And telling the tired boy of that bright land,  
Where this long journey past, they longed to dwell;

When lo! the Lord, who many mansions had,  
Drew near and looked upon the suffering  
twain;

Then pitying spake, "Give me the little lad;  
In strength renewed, and glorious beauty clad,  
I'll bring him with me when I come again."

Did she make answer, selfishly and wrong,  
"Nay, but the woes I feel he, too, must share!"

Or rather, bursting into grateful song, "She went free rejoicing, and made strong

To struggle on, since he was freed from care.

We will do likewise; death hath made no breach  
In love and sympathy, in hope and trust;

No outward sign or sound our ears can reach,

But there's an inward, spiritual speech

That greets us still, though mortal tongues be dust.

It bids us do the work that they laid down—

Take up the song where they broke off the strain;

So journeying till we reach the heavenly town,

Where are laid up our treasures and our crown,

And our lost loved ones will be found again.

—Church of England Magazine.

#### AN AFTERNOON'S ECONOMY.

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

I'm sure I've always advocated economy, and practiced it, too, for the matter of that. I bought a set of majolica only yesterday on purpose that I might spare the French china; and instead of taking that jeweled singing-bird at two hundred dollars that tempted me so when I was in New York, I went without it, and took a wonderfully-taught mocking-bird at half the price. I'm so sorry the poor thing died! I do have the strangest luck! And then I never give my servants presents of money, but always of my half-worn clothes, so they look about as fine as Ido. My silk dresses, by the way, wear a great deal longer than other people's stuff ones; so that if they cost more in the beginning they're cheaper in the end. I always have them turned by Kitty, and made over with something handsome—velvet, you know, to eke out, or lace to hide the cracks; and although Rex says they're like the Scotch laird's hose, of which there was none of the original left, and that it would be a great deal better if there wasn't, since the making over costs more than another whole silk would, and all that nonsense, still the fact remains that there is an exquisite dress, as good as new, which cost nobody a penny; and he can put that in his pipe and smoke it! And there's the velvet and lace besides, to trim another dress by and by, of course—though lace does fray out and catch so. Only the other night, running up to Mrs. Gleason's cottage on the cliff, I just threw my shawl over my head—that lovely Chantilly of Grandma Marsden's—and the wind blew it against the sweet-brier, and the sweet-brier waved one way and I ran the other, and I suppose it will cost me forty dollars to have it mended, if there is a lace-maker in the city who can meddle with that stitch. However, that's neither here nor there. I say I approve of economy—at least I do if he wants me to; at least I used to do so—and Rex says I don't even know how to spell the word, and that when I go shopping I say to the salesman: "Dear me, how cheap! can't you take a little more?"

It wasn't, you know, as if we were in want that we would have this talk about economy; for between the money that dear papa left, and all that Grandma Marsden has given me, and the income entailed on Rex, we are able to do pretty much as we please within bounds, and allow ourselves some one great extravagance every year. We took it last year in a foot of wood. A foot of wood? I'll tell you all about it. But, as I was saying, Rex approves of economy whether I do or not; he thinks he does; he says that's the way papa and Grandma Marsden made and kept; and once he said that to go on as we were going

would make a prince come to the end of his purse. And I said: "How do we go?"

"Ad libitum," said he.

"And how would you have us go?" I asked.

"As if there were a day after to-morrow," he returned.

"I'm sure, Reginald Parks, I don't know what you mean. As if there were a day after to-morrow! Of course there is unless the world comes to an end."

"I don't mean that. I mean with some thought for the future."

"Oh, if you only mean foresight, I have day after to-morrow's dinner ordered to-day—white soup, salmon, lobster cutlets and sweet-breads, roast chicken and tongue, peas and potatoes, and ratafia pudding and strawberry cream—and I should think that was foresight enough for anybody."

"Dinner enough. A dinner like that for two! Well, after we've picked a little of it, what becomes of the rest?"

"Becomes of the rest? How do you suppose I know?"

"You ought to know."

"Why, it goes into the kitchen."

"And then?"

"Reginald Parks, what on earth has come over you? Do you suppose I'm going round spying through the kitchen to see if the servants eat too much?"

"No, I don't suppose you are. That's just what I say. But I suppose you should."

"Hurry into the kitchen and say, 'Save this, and 'Don't touch that,'—all dressed for dinner, too. That's just your idea of economy, Rex! Take one of my beautiful toilets into that steamy, greasy place where a dinner has just been concocted, keep, perhaps, the breast of a bird, and lose a breadth of silk! You put me in mind of old Tom at his cider barrel, 'saving at the spile and spilling at the bung!'"

"Very inelegant, my dear, and I mean nothing of she sort. If I were a housekeeper, I should go in the morning—"

"My morning toilet; are just as pretty."

"Oh, hang your toilets! I should go in the morning and take my inventory and my measures together. And if the servants knew you were coming daily to perform the act of superintendence it would make the difference of a couple of dinners a week to us."

"I'd rather take in sewing. I shouldn't dare to look them in the face. The idea of grudging my servants—"

"Oh, Clara, you are perfectly hopeless!" then Rex wound up. And at that I cried, and of course then he had to comfort me; and it was a great deal nicer than if we hadn't quarreled.

"I'm sure I want to economize," I said. "I wear silks but Kitty makes them; and I think they are cheapest in the long run, and one feels so much more comfortable. And then you always used to like to see me in silks."

"And so I do now. Of course I do. It isn't that I would deprive you of a single trifle, Clara, my darling, for anything in the world; nothing is too good for you. It's only—only—Why you never scrutinize an account."

"I deal with honest people. I'd be ashamed to."

"Well, the consequence is that you don't even know the price of mutton, and the tradesmen whack on any price they choose. Now what if we should lose our income by any hocus-pocus?—such things have happened. What should we do?"

"Do? Why, do what other people do. Everybody seems to get along. Creditors allow you something, don't they—so much a day?" And then Rex burst out into a great laugh, and cried: "You are certainly incorrigible, you lovely little idiot!" And we were off for a drive and that was the end of that lesson.

Every once in a while Reginald used to have one of these fits of economy. His mother would say to me when she came over: "Acquise in it; agree with him; do your best to meet his wishes, when the fit is on; he'll soon get all he wants of it." And so he did.

You know our little place on the Nau-

gin Beach? Well, it is so lovely that we determined to make it our permanent

home, and go to the city, and a hotel for

two or three of the worst winter months,

and allow ourselves some great ex-

travagance every year. We took it last

year in a foot of wood. A foot of wood?" I'll tell you all about it. But, as I was

saying, Rex approves of economy whether

I do or not; he thinks he does; he

says that's the way papa and Grandma

Marsden made and kept; and once he

said that to go on as we were going

and allow ourselves some great ex-

travagance every year. We took it last

year in a foot of wood. A foot of wood?"

They'd have time to do

nothing else in the kitchen but feed the fire. "Tisn't even in the right shape for kindling there."

"Clara, I believe you disdain the very idea of economizing anywhere."

"I don't see any economy in it. If it were necessary, it would be a very disagreeable necessity. But if we can't afford to buy our coal we had better shut up the house, and dismiss the servants, and live in a tent, and burn our chips outside it, under the bake-kettle."

"Very practical. I'm glad to see you know what a bake-kettle is."

"Well, did you marry me for a cook?"

"What a little fraud you'd have been if I had! Come, don't be silly. I did not marry you to be ruined by carelessness and extravagance."

"Oh! oh! oh!"

"What do you call it then? Here are cords of drift-wood thrown up with almost every tide, and instead of harvesting it let it wash away with the next, and you laugh at me and get angry and call me names if I propose to save some of it."

"Call you names!"

"Yes, you do. You think it's mean and sordid."

"I never said so, anyway. That's your guilty conscience. O pshaw! I think it's silly and very impractical."

"Well, I don't care what you think!"

Here's the beach covered with this light wood, and I'm going to call the servants and have it gathered before dark."

"You can't; for Terence is waiting

with the horses at the other station for the Colonel, and you gave little Jim leave to go to his grandmother's, and it is Hannah's evening out, and Kitty must be in readiness to wait on table; and so there's nobody but Nora, and she's busy and it isn't her work, and she'd refuse to do it, and that would make you angry, and I should lose a good cook."

"Five servants to wait upon two people! It's shameful!" groaned Rex.

"They're not waiting on two people!

They're taking care of the grounds, the horses, the house and cooking for company more than for us."

"Well, then, if there's nobody else, I'll do it myself," he said, desperately—"I'll do it myself."

"And I'll sit down here and see how long it will be before you're tired of it."

"I dare say you will!" he exclaimed savagely.

"I suppose it would break your back to pick up one of these chips?"

"Oh, if that's what you mean," cried I, in an answering fury—we did fight just like children—if you want your wife for a drudge, I guess I can pick up wood as long as the next one!" I declare I didn't seem to know Rex any longer, and I'm very sure he didn't know me. I doubled up my skirt and pinned it back like a fishwoman—I didn't have another pin about me than that long, gold one that you used to admire so, with the diamond head, but I quilted it in; and I tied a knot in my scarf—it was my old rose-colored and gold India mantle; and I ran and caught this stick and that stick and hurled them up the beach, and Rex was tossing them up, too; and before I knew it there was a stack of them, and I was determined that my stack should be as big as his; and presently he stopped and slapped the dust off his hands and looked at me and laughed.

"What do you mean to do with your pile when it is done?" said he.

"Set fire to it, and run away by the light of it," said I.

"No, I wouldn't," he said. "It would be a great deal better to kiss your husband and make up!" And so we did—and there was never anybody to see on our Long Beach. "No," said Rex, "I don't want you to do this. I'm just going to fetch these piles myself to show Terence what he could do in a spare hour, and I'm very sure he didn't know me. I doubled up my skirt and pinned it back like a fishwoman—I didn't have another pin about me than that long, gold one that you used to admire so, with the diamond head, but I quilted it in; and I tied a knot in my scarf—it was my old rose-colored and gold India mantle; and I ran and caught this stick and that stick and hurled them up the beach, and Rex was tossing them up, too; and before I knew it there was a stack of them, and I was determined that my stack should be as big as his; and presently he stopped and slapped the dust off his hands and looked at me and laughed.

"What do you mean to do with your pile when it is done?" said he.

"Set fire to it, and run away by the light of it," said I.

"No, I wouldn't," he said. "It would be a great deal better to kiss your husband and make up!"

"I never could teach my servants the least respect for me—I was that scared when I see himself bringin' ye in, a lump of mud, an' he as white as the back of your hand, that I forgot infirely the message the big Colonel left."

"Message?"

"Jist that. To give Mr. Parks his card, and say that Col. M'Manus—bad

cess to the likes of him!—had no time to travel a hundred miles twice!"

When I was well and about again we were out on the Long Beach another

twilight, but taking excellent care of our steps, and keeping quite on this side of the two great piles of drift-wood that adorned it.

"How much wood do you suppose there is in these piles, Rex?" I asked.

"I don't know. Maybe a foot."

"A foot! How absurd—and the piles as high as I am!"

"Oh, not any more. An eighth of a cord is putting it large."

"If you knew how it made you look, you'd take such exercise every day," Rex stopped long enough to get breath and

say: "Your cheeks are like two red roses."

"And of course I didn't stay at that; and a gay half hour it was. All at once I felt wet to my skin, and I looked, and there was the skirt of my dress that I had pinned up so carefully all down and drabbled, and the front of it wet through with the dripping of the last wood I had saved, and the pin—"Oh, I've lost the pin!" I exclaimed—"my beautiful long diamond-headed pin?"

"Oh, come now, Clara, I know what you are driving at. Eight or nine dollars," and he swore a little under his breath, I thought.

"You'd better," said I. "There's a dollar's worth of wood there—I like to scrutinize my accounts, you know—let's see what it cost us; one diamond-headed pin, one coral neck-lace, one amethyst silk dress, one Brussels lace over-dress, one pair of French boots, one India mantle, one dress-suit, one pair of Paris gaiters, doctor's and druggist's bills. *Per contra*, one foot of—"

"And the whole of it," cried Rex, "a trifte, a bagatelle, a mere fraction. It cost us the chance in M'Manus' great enterprise, that's just as sure to win as the sun is to rise to-morrow. A duced dear foot of wood!" Clara, I never mean to preach or practice one jot or tittle of economy again. We may starve, but we'll never economize."

"That's a dear boy! Now let's burn it; we piled it up to burn, you know."

And I had snatched his match-safe and was

## DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL

HENRY C. RIDER, Editor and Proprietor,  
Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y.  
FORT LEWIS SELINEY,  
Rome, Oneida Co., N. Y., Associate  
REV. AUSTIN W. MANN,  
677 Euclid St., Cleveland, O.  
REV. HENRY WINTER SYLVE, Foreign  
Editor, U. S. Mint, Philadelphia, Pa.

The DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes and published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

### TERMS:

One copy, one year. \$1.50  
Club of ten, \$1.25  
Not paid within six months, \$2.00  
These prices are invariable. Remit by post office money order, by registered letter.

50¢ Terms, cash in advance.

Contributions, Subscriptions, and Business Letters to be sent to the

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL,  
Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, JULY 26, 1877.

### Quarterly Services in Albany.

The quarterly service for deaf-mutes will be held in St. Paul's Church, Albany, on Sunday, July 29th, at 2:30 p.m., the Rev. Dr. Gallaudet officiating.

### Notice of Religious Meetings.

APPOINTMENTS TO BE FILLED BY REV. A. W. MANN.

Detroit, Mich., July 29th.  
Jackson, Mich., " 30th.  
Jacksonville, Ill., Aug. 5th.  
St. Louis, Mo., " 8th.  
Chicago, Ill., " 12th.  
Milwaukee, Wis., " 19th.  
Dayton, Ohio, " 22d.  
Newport, Ky., " 24th.  
Cincinnati, O., " 26th.

The friends residing at these points are requested to do the favor of making the notices as general as possible.

### Professor Johnson's Fast Roadster.

Prof. Alphonse Johnson, a teacher in the Rome Institution for Deaf-mutes is visiting deaf-mute friends in this place.

Last Friday he came from Auburn by a circuitous route, making a distance of sixty miles. He left Auburn at 8 a.m., and drove through with his horse and buggy, reaching this place before dark notwithstanding the bad condition of some of the roads, owing to the recent heavy rains. Mr. Johnson may, without being considered vain, congratulate himself on having a smart horse.

### Elmira Convention.

SEVENTH BIENNIAL OF THE EMPIRE STATE ASSOCIATION OF DEAF-MUTES, AUG. 29 AND 30, 1877.

The Convention will open Wednesday, Aug. 29th, at 9 o'clock A. M., commencing, as far as decided, with the following

#### PROGRAMME.

The President's address. Reports of officers. Varied remarks by distinguished persons, deaf-mutes and others, during which important questions may be discussed.

Hon. Robert T. Turner,

#### MAYOR OF ELMIRA,

will open the morning session with a short speech.

#### Afternoon Session.

At 2 o'clock, the orator of the day, Prof. S. T. Greene of the Belleville (Canada) Institution for Deaf-mutes, or his substitute, Prof. T. H. Jewell of the New York Institution, will discourse upon subjects of interest and importance. Addresses by distinguished guests.

#### Wednesday Evening.

At 7:45 o'clock services for deaf-mutes and their friends will be held at Trinity Church, the Rev. Dr. Knight, Rector. The service will be read orally and interpreted by signs at the same time by Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, who will make an interesting address.

#### Thursday Morning.

At 7 o'clock, in the same church, there will be a celebration of the Holy Communion, and short service before breakfast.

At nine o'clock sharp the association will assemble and proceed to the election of officers for the two years ending Aug. 1879.

Ladies and gentlemen attending will find a long duster handy, and are advised to bring one. The following hotels will receive deaf-mutes at the annexed rates—Rathbun House, \$2.50; Pennsylvania House, 2.00; Homestead Hotel, 1.00; Patterson House, 1.25; Frazer House, 2.50; Delevan House, 2.00.

The two latter houses are opposite the depot, and both good places. The Rathbun is on Water St., and the best in town. The Homestead is on the same street, and is good for the price.

#### RAILROAD FARES REDUCED.

The Erie railway company will pass persons attending the convention from any station on its line and numerous branches to Elmira at two-thirds fare. Parties from Rochester and western points will probably find this the best and cheapest route. Also those from southern and eastern points.

The Delaware, Lackawanna & Western will carry over all its road at half fare. It has the following lines all centering in Binghamton, N. Y. From Syracuse (Syracuse & Binghamton RR), from Utica (Utica & Chenango Valley RR), from New York and Scranton (N. Y. & Scranton RR), thence to Binghamton over the main line, and also from innumerable points along the branches. From Binghamton to Elmira take the Erie railway. Buy all tickets on the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western from the point you start to Binghamton. The Delaware, Lack-

wanna & Western company has also a branch from Ithaca to Owego and thence to Elmira by Erie railway.

The Delaware & Hudson Canal company will pass persons from any station on its road—from Schenectady, Rutland, Fort Edward, Montreal, Granville, Troy, Albany, &c., to Binghamton at two-thirds fare. From Binghamton to Elmira via Erie railway. From Albany to Binghamton the line is known as the Albany & Susquehanna railroad.

The proper way to secure the benefits of reduced rates is to pay the railroad company full fare from the station you start from to Elmira when you go over the Erie railway, and to Binghamton if over the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western RR, or the Albany & Susquehanna railroad. Returning the Secretary of the convention will give you a certificate which will enable you to get a return ticket to the point you came from for one-third fare if over the Erie railway and free over the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western railroad.

The return fare will be one cent per mile, which is at the rate of two-thirds fare for the round trip. New York parties have the choice of the Erie or the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western, with cheapness in favor of the latter.

Parties from Central and Northern New York, if they want to go and return cheaply, should take the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western at either Syracuse or Utica. A person leaving Oswego can travel through to Binghamton for about \$4, returning free, with round trip from Binghamton to Elmira \$2.40. Total fare from Oswego to Elmira and return \$6.40.

Parties from Pennsylvania points reached by the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western railroad should take that line. From Philadelphia and other large points there are excursion rates to Elmira which parties can obtain by application at the railroad office. The Northern Central railroad is yet to be heard from; and if it offers special rates, announcement will be made at once. If Pennsylvania deaf-mutes will communicate with the Secretary, he will advise them properly.

#### Grand excursion to

WATKINS GLEN.

Thursday afternoon. Train leaves at 12 p.m., returning at 6½ or 8½, giving the excursionists six hours or more at the Glen. Tickets from Elmira to Watkins and return, including admission to the Glen, \$1.20. For sale by the Treasurer of the Association and other officers of the Convention.

Among the distinguished persons expected to be present are Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, Dr. J. L. Peet, Prof. Westervelt of the Western New York Institution, Rev. A. W. Mann of Ohio, Prof. Job Turner of Mass., and, if he arrives from Europe in time, Prof. Nelson of the Central New York Institution.

Let all who can, attend and have a pleasant and enjoyable time.

H. C. RIDER, Pres.  
F. L. SELINEY, Secy.

#### A Table,

For those who use the Book of Common Prayer.

Sunday, July 29th.

The Psalter for the 29th day of the month.

#### Morning Prayer.

1st Lesson—Numbers xvi.  
2d Lesson—Acts xxvi.

#### Evening Prayer.

2d Lesson—Numbers xxii.  
3d Lesson—James i.

Collect, Epistle and Gospel for the ninth Sunday after Trinity.

Sunday, Aug. 5th.

The Psalter for the 5th day of the month.

#### Morning Prayer.

1st Lesson—Numbers xxiiii.

2d Lesson—Acts xviii.

#### Evening Prayer.

1st Lesson—Numbers xxiv.

2d Lesson—James ii.

Collect, Epistle and Gospel for the tenth Sunday after Trinity.

#### Was it Policy Instead of Politics?

We find the following amusing yarn in the *American Annals of the Deaf and Dumb*, published at Washington, D. C., and edited by Edward A. Fay and a number of other persons. The facts of the matter are very different from those stated in the following article, and are fully substantiated by the books and records of the Institution. We have no desire to go into a critical examination of the affairs of the Institution at the time the present Board of Trustees took charge, as we think that entirely unnecessary; but we can add for the information of Mr. Fay, that the appropriations of the State for the Institution while Mr. McWhorter was its Superintendent were never less than \$10,000. This year the appropriation is only \$8,000. Further, that Mr. McWhorter drew a salary, never less than \$2,000 per annum, all the while he was in the Institution, except the last month or two before he was succeeded by Major Preston, when the salary was, owing to the small appropriation, necessarily cut down to \$1,200 per annum. As a further answer to Mr. Fay's yarn we would request him to procure a transcript of the monthly expenses under Mr. McWhorter's superintendence and compare that with a transcript of monthly expenses under Major Preston's superintendence. By this comparison of the last month of Mr. McWhorter's administration and the first month of Preston's administration he will find a very potent reason for the change. It was a matter of economy with the Board and not of politics. We dislike very much to refer to this matter, but when the Board is thus slandered and their action wilfully misrepresented, we feel that to

withhold the facts that prompted their action would be doing the Board an injustice. When Mr. Fay or any other person says the Board of the Deaf and Dumb Institution have mixed politics with its management, he simply asserts a falsehood. As a teacher of the deaf and dumb Mr. McWhorter was no doubt competent, but the present Board was not satisfied with his management of the affairs of the Institution, and hence they exercised a legal right to fill the place he had occupied with another, who has so far given entire satisfaction to the Board. In future it would greatly aid Mr. Fay in the promulgation of truth if he would pose himself with facts before he flies off into accusations as false as they are silly. Here is what he says:

*Louisiana Institution.*—Mr. McWhorter has been compelled to retire from the position of principal, and is succeeded by Major Preston, a gentleman who is new to the profession. Mr. McWhorter is admitted by all to have been an efficient and successful officer, and during the past two years he has carried on the Institution with little pecuniary aid from the State and receiving no salary himself; now he is removed because, while keeping aloof from politics, he is not actively in sympathy with the party in power.

This tendency to bring the question of politics into the management of institutions for the deaf and dumb, which has recently manifested itself in some of the Southern States, is very much to be regretted and condemned. While it does great injustice to the men who have devoted themselves to the interests of those institutions under trying and difficult circumstances, the chief sufferers are the pupils, who are thus deprived of skillful and faithful officers. The evil is increased when the institutions are placed in the hands of persons who have had no previous acquaintance with the instruction of deaf-mutes.—*Daily Advocate, Baton Rouge, La.*, July 11th, '77.

#### Letter from Greenastle.

Correspondence of The Journal.

*GREENCASTLE, Ind., July 12.*—The reception given last evening by Mrs. Corwin and family, of this city, to her son W. R. and his bride, was a most brilliant affair. Mrs. Corwin's roomy residence, on Washington street, was thronged with invited guests who spent the hours most pleasantly until 10:30, at which time Mr. Corwin and bride, accompanied by Miss Hiett, an accomplished teacher in the Deaf and Dumb Institute at Indianapolis, and Mr. George Corwin, a brother of the groom made their appearance. Having missed the afternoon train, the bridal party reached Greenastle by a night express. The groom is a mute, but owing to his unusual brightness, the patient care of his faithful mother, who taught him the deaf and dumb alphabet before he was three years old, and the thorough instruction received at the Deaf and Dumb Institute at Indianapolis, he is possessed of remarkable intelligence. Miss Sadie Crabb is also a mute. She was educated at Indianapolis, and being noticeably apt, was selected as one of the most promising pupils upon whom the experiment of articulation could be tried. The results were satisfactory, Miss Crabb being able now to speak intelligibly with a tolerably even tone of voice. The method used was an invention of Prof. Bell, who, after seeing its success in various institutes, of which those of Indiana, Ohio, and Illinois stand at the head, he is said to have exclaimed, "If I can make mutes talk I can make iron talk," and proceeded to verify the statement in the invention of the telephone. Miss Hiett is a mute. George Corwin, a graduate of Asbury, and well acquainted with the language of the party, acted as interpreter. They took their place at the head of the table, where formal introductions were made to Rev. G. G. Mitchell and wife, Hon. D. E. Williamson and wife, and as many of the other guests as the time would allow. All agree that the grace and ease with which the bridal party performed their part was simply wonderful. After a supper which, for excellence, abundance and variety, is seldom equalled, and to which the appreciative friends gave their attention for a full hour, pleasant greetings were exchanged and "best wishes" showered upon the handsome and happy pair. They remain here visiting among friends until next Monday, at which time they will return to Indianapolis, where a reception is to be given them by Superintendent McIntire, and then go to their new home, Walkertown. Although both have been successful teachers at Indianapolis they prefer home life, especially as the confinement of the institute was wearing somewhat upon Mr. Corwin's health. He will engage in a new method of fruit-drying.

*Ohio Deaf and Dumb Institution.*

COMMENCEMENT TO DAY—EIGHT IN THE GRADUATING CLASS—GOVERNOR YOUNG PRESENT—A MARRIAGE, ETC.

The commencement exercises took place to day. Governor Young was present and delivered the diplomas, and made a handsome speech touching the growth of the State in wealth and population, and what she is doing for benevolent institutions. Just as the exercises were closing Lavina Sawhill, of Muskingum county, a child admitted this year, and very young, ran upon the stage and presented the Governor with a beautiful bouquet. He seized her in his brawny arms and gave her a fatherly kiss, causing applause and laughter among the pupils, and giving evident satisfaction to the little girl.

But one death occurred during the year, among 425 pupils. The school has flourished in all respects, and the pupils go to their respective homes in the enjoyment of good health.

The fall term will begin September 19th, one week after the State Fair.

The graduating class planted an ivy on

the ground, a custom that has been observed for several years. The vines thus planted by former classes are in a flourishing condition.

The graduating class this year consisted of G. W. Johnston, West Salem, Wayne county; William Meek, Columbus; Alonso Kingry, Bloomfield, Pickaway county; Miss Clara B. Reed, Kenton, Hardin county; Miss E. A. LaFever, Dayton; Miss C. Milleman, Perryburg, Wood county; Miss M. E. Swem, Withamsville, Clermont county, and T. McGiness, of Cleveland.

Miss Reed read an essay on the power of trifles; Miss LaFever, one on Friendship; Miss Milleman, one on Charity; Miss Swem, one on Coming and Going; and Mr. McGiness delivered the valedictory and an oration on the Voice of History. Rev. R. W. Manley was present and delivered the opening prayer.

The Independent Base Ball Club, of this school, have defeated every club in the city, except the Buckeyes. It is proposed to retain the club in the building until July 4th when it will go to Mt. Vernon to participate in a State tournament. The members, of course, are all deaf-mutes. They play a terrible game, and the Mount Vernon folks will have the pleasure of witnessing a novel scene when this club appears in that city.

Ned Dundan, the pitcher, has distinguished himself. The success of the nine is due in a great measure to his playing, as well as to Mr. Sawhill's catching and Captain Joe W. Leif's management. The whole school is proud of the baseball team. It is proposed to place the nine in the binder where they will pay their way in work until they leave on the 4th of July.

The pupils assembled to day to arrange for railway fares. While so assembled, a marriage ceremony between two deaf-mutes was solemnized, the contracting parties being Mr. Edward Moss, of Chillicothe, and Miss Emma E. Ellis, of Paulding. Both were educated here, but were not pupils this year.—*Columbus, O., Evening Dispatch*, June 19, 1877.

#### Educating Deaf-Mutes.

AN INTERESTING EXAMINATION OF THE PUPILS OF THE LE COETEAU ST. MARY'S INSTITUTION FOR THE INSTRUCTION OF DEAF-MUTES.

(From the *Buffalo Courier*, June 17, 1877.)

The annual examination of the pupils of the Le Coetela St. Mary's Institution for the Instruction of Deaf-mutes, on Edward street, took place last Thursday afternoon. Besides the pupils of the school, with considerable rapidity and correctness said sentences spoken to them by their teacher in the sign language. They also wrote their own names with great facility.

FOLLOWING THE ADDRESSES CAME AN EXAMINATION IN SUCCESSION OF THE VARIOUS CLASSES OF THE SCHOOL.

THE PUPILS WROTE THE PUPILS OF THE LE COETEAU ST. MARY'S INSTITUTION FOR THE INSTRUCTION OF DEAF-MUTES.

THE PUPILS WROTE THE PUPILS OF THE LE COETEAU ST. MARY'S INSTITUTION FOR THE INSTRUCTION OF DEAF-MUTES.

THE PUPILS WROTE THE PUPILS OF THE LE COETEAU ST. MARY'S INSTITUTION FOR THE INSTRUCTION OF DEAF-MUTES.

THE PUPILS WROTE THE PUPILS OF THE LE COETEAU ST. MARY'S INSTITUTION FOR THE INSTRUCTION OF DEAF-MUTES.

THE PUPILS WROTE THE PUPILS OF THE LE COETEAU ST. MARY'S INSTITUTION FOR THE INSTRUCTION OF DEAF-MUTES.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

Signs.

BY PROF. NEWTON.

Signs have ruined the education of hundreds and hundreds of deaf-mutes. This may appear like a strong statement, but the facts in the case bears us out in the assertion.

As an example of the bad effects arising from their constant use in the school room, permit me to cite the large number of pupils graduated from our State institutions, and ask how many of them—with the exceptions of the semi-mutes—can write even an ordinary letter correctly? Very few, indeed. Their ignorance of the English language is really astonishing to every one unacquainted with the particulars of their education.

The report of the closing exercises in a western institution is now before the principal, in his farewell address to the graduates said he hoped they would constantly seek to increase their knowledge, and learn to depend more on writing in the expressions of their ideas than upon signs, which were of little practical use to them in the outside world, &c.

That was sound advice, but it came five years too late to benefit that class. The time wasted by giving those pupils their sign education, and the damage done their intellects by such a mode of cultivation, can never be recalled nor repaired. The foundation laid during school-life will be built upon in all these years, but it what it may. Signs seem indispensable in beginning the education of the deaf and dumb, but after the pupil has acquired some knowledge of written language signs should be discarded, and the teacher made to understand that they were never intended for anything but a stepping stone for their starting. And after the pupil has been in school one or two years the use of signs in the class room should be strictly prohibited, and then by doing the teaching in a proper manner from that time until he left school, he would have a very fair knowledge of our language, and thus he placed on an equal footing with his speaking brothers as it is possible for him to attain.

As it is, there is too much of the French method of teaching in our institutions at the present time. The child begins his school-life with signs and finishes it ditto, and in the end finds that he is almost entirely unfitted for contact with ordinary people. Until we have more of the German system this evil must continue to exist. The extensive use of signs prevents the thorough acquirement of our common language.

And now just one word about teachers. Among the many excellent ones that devote their lives to this noble work, are a few who are utterly incompetent to occupy the places they endeavor to fill. I will not mention either name or place, but permit me to give a simple example with which I am well acquainted: A lady of undoubted intelligence, but whose education has not fitted her for teaching. She has a good knowledge of signs, but of written language she is very ignorant, as is proved by the fact that she is in the habit of getting some of her associate teachers to translate her social correspondence into the sign language before she can fully comprehend what is written. Such teachers had better be in any place else than in the school-room.

In regard to deaf-mutes as teachers objections have been raised on the ground that they never fully comprehend the finer meaning of words. That is extremely poor logic. If it is "impossible for the deaf teacher to fully comprehend the finer meaning of words," it certainly must be equally impossible for the pupil ever to do so, and consequently that quality in a teacher is not necessary according to their own showing.

I think deaf teachers when well educated, are fully equal to hearing ones, perhaps even better, as they usually sympathize more with those they teach, being so to speak, "brothers in misfortune."

Prof. Job Turner on Long Island Sound.

ON BOARD THE MAMMOTH FLOATING PALACE, THE "BRISTOL," LONG ISLAND SOUND, JUNE 29, 1877.

EDITOR DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL:—Truly do I assure you that I cannot begin writing this letter without feeling thankful to God, who has showed me many kindnesses through my true friends, Dr. Gallaudet, Dr. Peet and others, during my short sojourn in New York city, where I had the rare privilege and pleasure of officiating in St. Ann's Chapel, Long Island.

I am on board this splendid steamer with Mr. Gray, one of the inmates of the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-mutes, and Mr. Dunnell, a graduate of the High Class of the New York Institution. I am on my way to Fall River to hold services there next Sunday, according to my appointment. Kindly let Dr. Gallaudet escort me to the boat to see me safely on board.

I must not fail to write you something about

THE HOME FOR AGED AND INFIRM DEAF-MUTES.

at No. 220 East Thirteenth St., New York, to which place I went with Mr. James Lewis, the city missionary to deaf-mutes, last Monday forenoon. He introduced me to Miss Jane Middleton, the matron, whose acquaintance I had the happiness to make at once, and who paid me very kind attention, for which she has my sincere thanks. To my great surprise I found the Home a nice place for such deaf-mutes. The inmates of the Home could not have found a more comfortable home. I was shown through the building, and found it very well managed. The inmates looked happy and contented. One of the inmates introduced himself to me as James Barnes, from Baltimore, and told me that he

was formerly with George Loring, Wilson White, Geo. Comstock, and perhaps Mrs. Gallaudet, at the Asylum. Miss Middleton, and her assistant, Miss Fanny Seymour, are, I believe, everything that Dr. Gallaudet and the Trustees could desire. It is to be remembered that everything almost always shows that the Lord has done all things well. I was glad to find the inmates taken good care of. O, that the Home was more comfortably endowed! I met my dear old friend and classmate, Mr. Chas. A. Douglas, at the Home, and enjoyed a talk with him for the first time in about forty years. He is, I am sorry to say, almost an invalid and nearly blind. He was a very bright pupil at the Hartford Asylum. He used to be my special playmate. I had heard but little of him for that length of time. He said he was going to Westfield, Mass., in a few days to see the scene of his younger days. He was brought from his home (Fulton, N. Y.) to New York city, to undergo an operation on his eyes; but the doctor who examined them, said that the operation had better not be performed until next winter or spring. I have received a very kind invitation from his brother-in-law (Judge Tyler), to come and spend several days with Charles at Fulton, N. Y., which I shall do with pleasure at no distant day. If I were an invalid, I would, if possible, make the Home mine as long as life lasted; but my thanks are due to God for preserving my health.

Mr. Lewis and myself went to the St. Nicholas Hotel, where we met a deaf-mute gentleman (Mr. McClurg, of Pittsburgh), who accompanied us to see Messrs. Fitzgerald and Witschief at the Custom House. I was pleased to see that the boy supervisor, showed me some very kind favors which I enjoyed very much. The next morning after the exhibition, Prof. Gamage, one of the oldest deaf-mute teachers of the Institute, kindly showed me Central Park, which pleased me very much, as I had never before seen it. Never shall I forget his showing me everything worth seeing in the Park. I shall arrive at Fall River to-morrow morning to officiate at the Church of the Ascension next Sunday.

Yours sincerely,  
JOB TURNER.

THE NEW YORK INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF AND DUMB,

where I had the pleasure of meeting Dr. J. L. Peet, who gave me a warm welcome, and I had a pleasant home at the Institution for about three days. I was introduced to so many deaf-mutes that I regret not to be able to remember all their names. On the evening of my arrival, Dr. Peet invited me to dine with him and his family out of the Institution. I enjoyed a good dinner with them late in the evening. I had the pleasure of meeting with and finding Mrs. Peet a noble-looking lady. She is truly a lady of talent, and can write poetry well. There are but few deaf-mutes who can write it as well. I know it from personal experience. Dr. and Mrs. Peet gave a sociable to the graduates of the High Class, and Miss Ida Montgomery's class the same night. The guests enjoyed themselves very well. It rained so hard that they had to stay longer than they intended, till the rain was over. It was so dark that I had to get a deaf-mute guide to lead me to the Institution.

Dr. Porter, the Superintendent, gave me a good room to spend the night in, which I enjoyed very much. He is a fine looking gentleman, and is, I feel sure, well qualified to do the work in which he is now engaged. He has my deep sympathy in the loss of a good wife, which occurred a few weeks ago.

Last Wednesday morning he and myself went through all the buildings and I was pleased to find them clean and better ventilated than usual. He told me that he examined all the buildings every morning at 8 o'clock to see if everything was all right. He said the pupils of both sexes were permitted to have a reunion or sociable party in the girls' study-room once a month from seven and a half p.m. to half past eight, when they are once sent to their rooms.

In the afternoon I was present at the closing exercises of the Institution, which occurred in the chapel, which was better filled than usual. Before the commencement of the exercises a special train brought a large party of friends and relatives from the city to the Institution, that sat down to luncheon, which privilege I also enjoyed, after which the chapel was filled with an intelligent and highly respectable audience. Among those present were Rev. S. H. Weston, D. D. of Trinity church, Rev. Dr. Howland, and several other celebrated persons.

The chapel looked gay with many gay-colored trimmings and wreaths of flowers which were made by the pupils, and the exercises were very interesting, being conducted by Dr. Peet, assisted by Professors Jenkins and Curiel. Dr. Peet interpreted by signs the prayer with which the Rev. Mr. Howland opened the exhibition, and at the same time Dr. Peet told me that he did not find any difficulty in signing and saying anything at the same time, which I consider quite difficult. He said he always signed and said grace at the table at the same time.

After prayer by Rev. Dr. Howland, Dr. Peet informed the audience that during the last year there had been 507 pupils taught within the walls of the Institute, and that the course of instruction had been signally successful. After his address six members of the High Class, three males and three females, extended a hearty welcome to their friends and visitors by writing upon the blackboards, salutations in their own way, which must have been interesting to them.

To my great regret I could not read all the great charm as Juliet, lies in the fact that she is in face, form, and in every fact, the real Juliet's age.

Rarely, if ever, have we seen the great dramatist's heroine of the Capulets characterized except by over-aged actresses.

One cannot truthfully represent a girl of 14 summers at 25 or 30. Therefore,

this girl, Anna Boyle, is destined to create a sensation when she appears at New York's Union Square Theatre next month, and Washingtonians are but

justly proud.

The times are still hard, and I believe are felt more in our city than in most places. Hundreds of people are out of employment, and there is nothing to do. Government business is the business of

I understood Dr. Peet to say that the responses were prepared by Mrs. Peet. Miss Jones' mother is the girls' supervisor in the Michigan Deaf-Mute Institution. I have made the acquaintance of Mrs. Jones and found her a smart lady. The most interesting of the exercises was that of James Caton, a blind deaf-mute who can read the alphabet by the sense of touch. I have talked with him myself and found him quite intelligent. While I was in the boys' wash room for inspection he sent me to have a talk with me, which he seemed to be pleased to do. I asked him several questions which he answered with accuracy. It was no humbug. I witnessed how he could communicate the story of the man who warmed the ungrateful viper as well as if he could see. He spoke as follows: "A villager found a serpent under a hedge. He took it home and put it near the fire. As soon as the serpent was alive, it stung him. The villager said that he was kind to the serpent, but it was ungrateful to him. He must kill it. He took a club and knocked it on the head."

Edward McCormick, 13 years old, who, I am told, lost his arms by a railroad accident, is both deaf and dumb. He wrote several words easily upon the blackboard with a crayon attached to the stump of his arm.

After the Rev. Robt. Howland and the Rev. S. H. Weston had made their reports on the examinations, the distribution of certificates, diplomas, and prizes was made. Soon after the guests started for their homes down town.

I spent another night within the walls of the Institution. Mr. James A. Brown, the boys' supervisor, showed me some very kind favors which I enjoyed very much. The next morning after the exhibition, Prof. Gamage, one of the oldest deaf-mute teachers of the Institute, kindly showed me Central Park, which pleased me very much, as I had never before seen it. Never shall I forget his showing me everything worth seeing in the Park. I shall arrive at Fall River to-morrow morning to officiate at the Church of the Ascension next Sunday.

Yours sincerely,  
JOB TURNER.

Washington Correspondence.

(From our own Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 21, 1877. Many far-seeing and deep-thinking public men are giving considerable attention to the emigration of the colored people of the United States to Africa. The most intelligent black men are proposing the action, and should the tide once turn in that direction, our country would lose a valuable class of laborers that it stands in sore need of. The subject is being agitated by meeting of colored people in some of the Southern States, called for the purpose, the reason given for the proposed movement being political necessities. It is a measure that has not been considered by the white citizens of our Republic, but the Africans—always more or less superstitious—are evidently beginning to look upon the gradual opening of the fertile regions as a special and providential invitation to her long exiled race to come home and find peace, and plenty and freedom. I quote the following, apropos to what I have written above, from one of our city journals:

"There is no question but that a great field will soon be opened for the enterprise of the colored race in Africa, and our colored citizens will be well qualified by education and training to take lead in the great schemes for the development of the resources of Africa which the British are now planning in so many quarters of that continent. It will open a grand field in which the colored men of this country will see opportunities to acquire wealth by agriculture and commerce and to acquire fame as pioneers and statesmen in the new commonwealths which will arise in that quarter of the globe."

Although Mr. Ketcham was a most estimable and highly esteemed gentleman, Mr. Bryan, his successor, is meeting with unqualified approval as District Commissioner. His character may be understood by an incident related by good authority of him, which took place years ago when Mr. Bryan and Judge Cooley were opposing candidates for the State Convention to amend the Illinois Constitution. The election over, Mr. Bryan was duly notified of his success, but, upon finding that it was due to the fact that the vote of one township had been thrown out on account of a mere technical informality, he immediately wrote to the Court of Oyer and Terminer on the two grounds specified. Then as to its being heard before the presiding justice alone under the statutes, the following decision was given.

"Second, That so far as it is based on irregularities on the part of jurors this court has no power to entertain it, it being after judgement, and after allowance of writ of error, and settling and filing of bill of exceptions and stay of proceedings granted.

This disposed of the motion as heard before the Court of Oyer and Terminer on the two grounds specified. Then as to its being heard before the presiding justice alone under the statutes, the following decision was given.

Motion denied so far as based on irregularities on the part of jurors on the ground that the Justices have no power to hear it under the statute! And so far as based on newly discovered evidence, on ground no sufficient cause is shown.

Mr. Huntington then renewed his motion made at a former term, for an order granting an allowance for expenses of printing the Bill of exceptions and points.

In the notice of motion he asked that \$200, or so much thereof as might be necessary, be allowed and paid by the

allowance of that sum or any other sum whatever, on the ground.

First, the court had no jurisdiction to compel the county to pay the expenses of the defendant in this case.

It was estimated that there would be about 400 pages of printed matter, and the rules of the Supreme Court would govern the style of printing.

The District Attorney suggested that the printing of the case should be left with the people and should be done as cheap as possible. He could get it done for 70c per page, and the regular price was \$1.25 and he did not want the difference to go into Huntington's pocket.

Any benefit that might accrue to the people by getting the printing done cheap should be given them.

It was finally ordered that the sum of \$350 be allowed for the purpose of defraying the necessary expenses of printing the bill of exceptions of defendant, to be paid to the Sheriff by the County Treasurer, upon the production to him of a certified copy of this order and a certificate of a justice of the Supreme Court of the amount necessary to take care of the expenses.

The times are still hard, and I believe are felt more in our city than in most places. Hundreds of people are out of employment, and there is nothing to do. Government business is the business of

the District. And yet the evil is not utterly without remedy. There is no reason why, by the exercise of energy and enterprise, manufactures may not be started in Washington for the furnishing of articles used here. For instance, no city in America consumes so much ink as Washington, and yet not a drop is manufactured here. The same may be said of pens and stationery of all kinds, which can be made as cheaply here as elsewhere and whereby hundreds of persons might be profitably employed. Such enterprises require but little capital, and would add greatly to the business interests of the Nation's centre.

MARTHA MERRILL WHITNEY.

Cleverly Confounded.

A BOGUS "DRUMMER" GETS \$75 ON A COUPLE OF MARROWFAT PEAS—A "BRILLIANT" AFFAIR.

Yesterday morning a gentlemanly looking young man presented himself at the shop of Pickert & Drury, painters, East First street, and introduced himself as M. Neal, traveling for the house of R. Colgate & Co., New York, wholesale dealers in painters' supplies. He succeeded in selling the firm a good-sized bill of goods and all went pleasantly. It is customary for men traveling in this business to get cash at this point to carry them through town, and to either get it from their customers and credit them with it, or to make a draft on their house and have the draft endorsed by some parties who know them. Nealasked Mr. Drury to endorse a draft for \$75 on his house in New York, which Mr. Drury hesitated about doing, saying that Mr. Pickert was the man to see about that kind of business. Neal then said that if Drury had any doubt about the man's intelligence, he had known him years ago in St. Louis, but his form and features were so altered, and he came in so comely a garb, and spoke with so polished an accent, and looked without "fat and well-favored," that I at first had some difficulty in identifying him, and could scarcely believe my own ears when he announced his name as my old friend, St. Louis Times.

This end of the world's axle, wherein your correspondent holds her residence, sticks up in the Empire State, fifteen miles east of Oswego, forty miles north of Syracuse and only three miles from Lake Ontario; amidst the greenest hills, the fairest vales, the sweetest groves, the purest streams, and the finest farms that ever "flowed with milk and honey" since Joshua entered Canaan. It is a little town of humble saints and polished sinners, numbering about 1,600, everyone of whom is known to every other, all called familiarly by their Christian names, and the greater part originally of two or three families. They raise corn and potatoes, oats and barley, apples and cherries, make plenty of butter and cheese, catch any quantity of black bass and white fish, abound in everything constituting the chief pabulum of human life, and send myriads of chickens to the hotels at Saratoga. It is the quietest, shadiest, most inviting hideaway west of Valambros; where innumerable birds of gayest plumage sing scarcely less sweetly than the nightingales amid the blooming groves of the Arno.

For pastime there is nothing equal to the occupation of Isaac Walton and St. Peter, and my reverend husband often treads in their illustrious footsteps along these pleasant streams, or mentally enjoys their companionship as he "lets down the net" in this American "Sea of Tiberius." The summer climate here is perfect; and if people only knew the Paradisaical delights of our July atmosphere they would come "flying as a cloud, and as doves to their window;" but neither the Queen's dominions across the pond, nor "Greenland's icy mountains," nor "India's coral strand" can furnish colder winds and fiercer storms and deeper snows in January and February. We are not a frozen-hearted people, however, as you shall find when you visit us, whether in winter or summer. St. Paul's discreet remark to the sages of Athens—"I perceive that in all things ye are very religious"—would be scarcely less applicable to the Mexican community. All Christian orders flourish here with a mutual good understanding; and church bells weave wreaths of music in the air, not only three times every Lord's Day, but almost every evening of the week. Your former neighbor, rector of your Trinity Church, on Washington avenue, the Rev. J. Cross, D. D., LL. D., has lately pitched his tent among us, and is doing good service, in Grace Church, for his Master. This is one of the most beautiful houses of worship between New York and St. Louis, and the quiet and interesting minister.

This disposed of the motion as heard before the Court of Oyer and Terminer on the two grounds specified. Then as to its being heard before the presiding justice alone under the statutes, the following decision was given:

"First, the court had no jurisdiction to compel the county to pay the expenses of the defendant in this case. It was estimated that there would be about 400 pages of printed matter, and the rules of the Supreme Court would govern the style of printing.

It was estimated that there would be about 400 pages of printed matter, and the rules of the Supreme Court would govern the style of printing.

It was estimated that there would be about 400 pages of printed matter, and the rules of the Supreme Court would govern the style of printing.

It was estimated that there would be about 400 pages of printed matter, and the rules of the Supreme Court would govern the style of printing.

It was estimated that there would be about 400 pages of printed matter, and the rules of the Supreme Court would govern the style of printing.

It was estimated that there would be about 400 pages of printed matter, and the rules of the Supreme Court would govern the style of printing.

It was estimated that there would be about 400 pages of printed matter, and the rules of the Supreme Court would govern the style of printing.

It was estimated that there would be about 400 pages of printed matter, and the rules of the Supreme Court would govern the style of printing.

It was estimated that there would be about 400 pages of printed matter, and the rules of the Supreme Court would govern the style of printing.

It was estimated that there would be about 400 pages of printed matter, and the rules of the Supreme Court would govern the style of printing.

It was estimated that there would be about 400 pages of printed matter, and

### A Sister Wants to Ask Mr. Beecher a Question.

At the close of the prayer, after sermon, in Plymouth Church Sunday, a sister stood up—an elderly woman—in a front pew of the rear gallery, and, brandishing her fan, said acidly, with evident determination to secure a hearing, "I want to ask a question." She continued speaking in an excited manner, although Mr. Beecher said in a louder tone than usual, "We will sing the fourth hymn."

Inquiring Female.—But I want to ask a question.

Mr. Beecher.—But we want to sing the fourth hymn.

Inquiring Female.—But I must ask a question.

Mr. Beecher.—But we must sing the fourth hymn.

Inquiring Female (brandishing her fan and gesticulating vigorously with both hands)—I will ask a question.

Mr. Beecher (motioning to Chorister Camp to push things)—Sing the fourth hymn.

By this time nearly all the congregation were stretching their necks toward the gallery, and most of them were laughing. Mr. Beecher grew very red in the face with the excitement of the moment, but seemed to enjoy the fun. Old John Zundel at the organ, struck up a lively prelude, which was too much for the inquiring female and drowned her voice. She remained standing during the singing of "Thine earthly Sabbath, Lord, we love," with a determined look on her angular face, but during the singing she got no chance. When the last words of the hymn died out Mr. Beecher adroitly put in the benediction. Then a torrent of discourse began to flow from the gallery, accompanied with continued brandishing of the fan, but the organ blew the louder.

### A Pleasant Reminiscence.

In one of the hotly-contested fights in Virginia, during the war, a federal officer fell wounded in front of the Confederate breastworks. While lying there wounded and crying piteously for water, a Confederate soldier, (James Moore of Burks county, N. C.), declared his intention of supplying him with drink. The bullets were flying thick from both sides, and Moore's friends endeavored to dissuade him from such a hazardous enterprise. Despite remonstrance and danger, however, Moore leaped the breastwork, canteen in hand, reached his wounded enemy and gave him drink. The federal, under a sense of gratitude for the timely service, took out his gold watch and offered it to his benefactor, but it was refused. The officer then asked the name of the man who had braved such danger to succor him; the name was given, and Moore returned un-hurt to his position behind the embankment. They saw nothing more of each other. Moore was subsequently wounded and lost a limb in one of the engagements in Virginia, and returned to his home in Burke county. A few days ago he received a communication from the federal soldier to whom he had given the "cup of cold water" on the occasion alluded to, announcing that he had settled on him the sum of \$10,000, to be paid in four equal annual installments of \$2,500 each. Investigation has established the fact that there is no mistake or deception about the matter.—*Raleigh, N. C. News.*

### David and Homer.

David and Homer were contemporaries. Both were poets of surpassing genius; the one the sweetest singer of Israel, the other the epic bard of Greece. Both flourished in the same rude era; the former dwelling on the hills of Judea, the latter wandering over the mountains of Thessaly. Both breathed soul-stirring strains. The one in Hebrew psalmody, the other in heroic verse. Both sang in devotion to the deity; the one in out-gushing praises of Jehovah, the other in lofty eulogiums of demigods.

Both alike wrote in elegant diction, displayed unparalleled versatility of thought, searched out the fountains of nature for striking metaphors, exhibited the depth of eloquence, and exhaled the soul of poetry.

Both were religious; but the one revered the thunder of Sinai, and the other adored the thunder of Olympus. David sang of that God who led the hosts of Israel; Homer praised the gods of Troy. David extolled the deeds of virtuous men, Homer praised the acts of demons. Homer's gods were slaves of infamy. David's heroes were good and benevolent; Homer's were the vicious and despotic. David was a disciple of the pure religion; Homer was the slave of superstitious idolatry.—*Ex.*

Distinguished Clerks in Washington.

Among the distinguished women of fallen fortune now holding situations in the departments at Washington, are Mrs. Mary Wilcox, the granddaughter of President Jackson, and the only person living who was born in the White House; Mrs. Charlotte L. Livingston, whose \$900 position was obtained by her relative, Senator Paddock, after all argument against her endeavoring to support herself had failed; Miss C. E. Morris, of Philadelphia, granddaughter of Robert Morris; Miss Sophie Walker, the daughter of Robert J. Walker, who was Secretary of the Treasury during the

presidency of James K. Polk, from 1845 to 1848; Miss Dade, whose mother was a cousin of General Scott; Miss Markoo, daughter of Francis Markoo, who for thirty years was attached to the diplomatic corps of the State department; Miss Helen McLean Kimball, widow of Colonel Kimball, who so signaly distinguished himself in the Mexican war; Miss Sallie Upton, of Brooklyn, N. Y., daughter of the late Francis Upton, a distinguished lawyer, and the author of several standard works on admiralty and marine jurisprudence; Mrs. Chaplin, widow of United States District Judge Chaplin; Mrs. Tiffey, a cousin of the present Secretary of State, and Mrs. Granger, the widow of the late General Gordon Granger, massacred by the Indians with General Custer.

### Literary Notices.

of reading material suitable to the wants of our class of people. Domestic news paragraphs will be abundant and foreign topics freely supplied.

### THE ITEMIZER.

This popular column of personals, will have special and continued attention. We count much on the aid of our friends and readers to keep it supplied with fresh, interesting and newsworthy paragraphs.

### CHOICE ARTICLES

For the Deaf-mutes' Journal for August is full of light and entertaining reading,

suitable for the country and the seaside.

Lady Blanche Murphy concludes her pleasant papers on the Rhine, and Mrs. Sarah B. Wister gives a lively account,

which is also illustrated, of that most

beautiful of Italian towns, Verona.

"Irish Society in the last Century" sparkles

with anecdote and racy description; "In a Russian Tractress," by David Ker,

gives us a glimpse of life and manners in Moscow; and "Chateau Courance,"

by John V. Sears, tells the romantic

history of a princely estate near Fontainebleau, long closed to the outer

world, which a couple of American ar-

tiats were recently permitted to explore,

and which proved to be full of treasures

in the way of art and bric-a-brac. A

sprightly paper on "The Paris Cafes," by

Gilman C. Fisher, gives many details in

regard to the most celebrated resorts in

the gay capital and the tastes of their

habitues. Mrs. R. H. Davis's new serial,

"A Law unto Herself," promises to be

one of her most powerful works. There

are several other stories, including a

clever sketch of negro character, by Mrs.

Lizzie W. Champney. The poems are

by Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, Emma Lazarus, and Emilie Poullain.

The Galaxy for August devotes eleven

pages to the new pictures now on

view at the best galleries in London;

the article is by Henry James, Jr., who

is always in his element when he writes

about pictures. Next we are taken by

Mr. Fisher to a soiree at the house of

Victor Hugo in Paris, and led through

the luxurious drawing rooms, where

some of the cleverest authors, artists and

statesmen of France are assembled, and,

still better, a sprinkling of charming

French women, including several mem-

bers of our host's family, to whom we are

presented. We are led to Stratford-on-

Avon, in company with Mr. Richard

Grant White. Dr. Dwight, of Constanti-

nople, contributes a striking picture of

Turkish character by selecting three

representative Turks to illustrate the

three leading elements of Turkish soci-

ety, and throwing the light of his very

uncommon descriptive power upon them.

Mr. Henry W. Frost writes upon curious

topics and figures of speech, which have

come under his observant eye; and Mr.

George E. Pond discusses the forces

which underlie European politics.

In the department of fiction and po-

etry, we find a pleasing love story by Miss

Ella Farman, entitled "A Rose," and

another with a comic side, by Mrs. Rose

Terry Cooke. The poems, three in num-

ber, are fair in quality. The departments

of Science, Literature and current gossip

are of unusual length and excellence.

### ASSESSORS' Notices.

Notice is hereby given that the Assessors of the town of Mexico have com-

pleted their assessment roll for the pres-

ent year, and that a copy thereof is left

with the undersigned, Lyman Robbins,

at his dwelling house, in said town,

where the same may be seen and exam-

ined by any of the inhabitants of said

town, during thirty days from the date

of this notice. And that the said As-

sessors will meet at Mayo Hall, in said

town, on Tuesday, the 21st day of Aug-

ust, next, at 9 o'clock in the forenoon to re-

view their assessments, on the application

of any person conceiving himself aggrieved.

Dated Mexico, July 19th, 1877.

LYMAN ROBBINS,

JOHN E. JONES,

FRANK G. SMITH,

Assessors of the town of Mexico.

They have bought more of Hatch's Uni-

versal Cough Syrup, for the past four

years, than of any other cough remedy

we keep. Judging from this fact, and

from what they say of the medicine, we

believe it to be a first-class article of its

kind. We sell it on its merits. No cure,

no pay!

JONES & RICHARDS.

For sale by E. L. Huntington, "The Druggist," and dealers generally. Ask

your druggist what he knows about it.

34-4.

What is the use of wearing pegged boots when you can buy sewed boots at C. T. Croft's for \$2.40 per pair?

### Robert Gamble

Is still alive, and has not forgotten how to do work well. In fact, he need not advertise, for his work speaks for itself. Still, it may be well to let his old customers and others know that he is prepared to do work cheaper than ever, and will give satisfaction as heretofore.

ROBERT GAMBLE.

Mexico, July 17, 1877. 38-3

ITALWAYS CURES.

46-4.

A REMARKABLE REMEDY!

Cheiroline

For the Cure of Chapped Lips and Hands and all Irritation of the Skin.

SUPERIOR TO EVERY OTHER PREP-

ARATIONS!

46-4.

A RELIABLE SUBSTITUTE for

Saratoga Mineral Waters,

Cures certain forms of

DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION,

And CONSTIPATION!

Relieves Sick Headache, Instantly.

Highly recommended by Physicians where

known. Cheap, convenient and reliable. No

family should be without it.

For sale by JOHN C. TAYLOR,

Druggist, Mexico, N. Y.

Call for Circular.

12-6m.

FISH'S

SARATOGA SAPERENT

RECEIVED

12-6m.

A RELIABLE SUBSTITUTE for

Saratoga Mineral Waters,

Cures certain forms of

DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION,

And CONSTIPATION!

Relieves Sick Headache, Instantly.

Highly recommended by Physicians where